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Chur
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By
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THE CHURGRESS.

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BY

THE PRIG,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF A PRIG," "PRIG'S BEDE,"
"HOW TO MAKE A SAINT," ETC.

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PREFACE.

GREAT and loud were the complaints after the late Churgress, at the paucity of the reports in the newspapers of the speeches that had been delivered at that august gathering. The speakers especially felt that there was a great want of a full and detailed account of the proceedings, and there was a universal opinion among the Bishops and clergy that I was the proper person to supply it. At first I shrank from the arduous task, but the Archbishops, the President, the Committee, and all the High Church clergy became so importunate, that at last I yielded.

Poor as they are, I have availed myself of a few fragments from the newspaper reports, where I have thought it fitting so to do. These will be found in italics. My own work is in ordinary type.

THE CHURGRESS.

CHAPTER I.

It would be impossible to describe the warmth of the welcome or the lavishness of the hospitality with which the members of the Churgress were received by the good people of Bampton. Speaking for myself, I may say that I never enjoyed a pleasanter visit than that which I paid on this occasion to one of the best of hosts. Our little party consisted of myself, the Archbishop of Mercia, Mr. Rampion, the socialist, Canon Jacob Tinker, and the Rev. J. Billcocks. A more agree-

able or more united set of men it would be impossible to get together.

The first public proceeding in connection with the Churgress was the assembling at the Town Hall of the principal members, myself among the number. It was a pageant worthy of mediæval times! Anything that was wanting the imagination supplied. I fancied I beheld the Archbishop of Mercia, with his mitre on his head, advancing on his ambling palfrey, and the Mayor and chief Burgesses of the city going out to meet him. No orator of the Middle Ages, however, could have spoken more eloquently than the Mayor of Bampton, when he bid the Archbishop welcome to his ancient city, nor could a thirteenth-century ecclesiastic have expressed the favour he had done

the Mayor by coming, in more graceful terms.

Just as we were about to proceed to church, a deputation of poor dissenting ministers came to seek our blessing. In contrast with our own magnificence, they looked a sorry party. They pleaded in touching accents that the Church of England used the same psalms, and many of the same hymns that they did.

Some one suggested that there was another denomination of Christians, whose hymns the Church of England used to a considerable extent.

"Ah," said the Bishop of Bampton, "I suppose you are alluding to our fallen sister. We think it kindest not to mention her. Besides, she never uses our hymns, so she does not count."

When the dissenters had finished their humble address, the Bishop of Bampton replied to the poor creatures in tones of paternal gentleness.

"*It is to us,*" said he, "*an increasing source of deep regret that the existence of so many different religious communities,* such as your own, *divided not only from us but from one another,*" ("I think I had them there," said his lordship to me, afterwards), "*should so greatly hinder the work of our Lord both in heathen countries and in our own Christian land.*"

The dissenting ministers looked greatly flattered by this delicate compliment.

"Now, my poor misguided men," continued the Bishop; "you are doubtless aware that we charge the Church of Rome with unbearable

arrogance in asking us to submit to it, when we talk of reunion; consequently you may rest assured that submission on your part to ourselves would be the very last thing that we should either seek or desire."

"We shall be exchanging pulpits yet," said one Methodist minister to another.

"I am grateful," the Bishop went on, "*for your generous appreciation of the work which the Church of England has been enabled to do, not only during a long succession of centuries, but at the present time; and also of the great works which have been bequeathed to the Church by the learning and wisdom of our spiritual forefathers.* You may perhaps think that we should scarcely care to acknowledge, approve, and even appropriate, every work of the

State Church during the long succession of centuries which have elapsed since the days of St. Augustine; but we shrink not from it. We are as proud of the foundation of the confraternity of the brown scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel by St. Simon Stock as we are of the establishment of the Girls' Friendly Society, and we are as ready to bear the responsibility of the persecutions under Bloody Mary as of the prosecution of Mr. Bell Cox. There are certain things, you see, which one has to take all in all or not at all, and among such *is the work which the Church of England has been enabled to do during a long course of centuries.* I hope you duly appreciate the honour I have done you by speaking to you."

We then went to church to hear a

sermon by the Bishop of Northumberland, who took for his text Isa. xi. 12 —"He shall set up an ensign for the nations." "And what," said the preacher, "was the ensign that should be set up for the nations? Why the Union Jack, of course! '*In that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the peoples*' —the Union Jack, again! '*All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth, see ye, when He lifteth up an ensign on the mountains.*'—Once more the Union Jack!

"And how is it that the Union Jack is hoisted in so many lands? What is there in the English character that brings it success both at home and abroad? *There is dispersion and yet there is unity?*

"*The centripetal force acts simul-*

taneously with the centrifugal, and regular, energetic motion is the result. The limited extent and the insular position of the mother country, the spirit of adventure and the exceptional fecundity of the race—these are the elements which make up the centrifugal force. The stubborn tenacity and the home fondness of the English heart, the conservatism (in the best sense) of the English character—here is the regulating centripetal attraction.

"And what, dear brethren, is *the spiritual counterpart* of our national centripetality and centrifugality? *Shall we not say that,* in a spiritual sense, the centrifugal force is the English dislike of shams of all kinds, of imitations professing to be realities, and of religions which are neither one thing nor the other? Yes! *These*

are the elements which make up the centrifugal force, that inclines people to desert the Church of their baptism. On the other hand, the stubborn stupidity of the average John Bull, *the home fondness* which makes an Englishman dislike the idea of being turned out and cut off with a shilling, or of having to resign a comfortable living, *the exceptional fecundity of the race,* a fecundity which makes a man with a large family afraid of offending a patron—*these are the elements which make up the centripetal attraction,* that inclines people to 'stay where they are.'"

After pointing out that the Colonial Exhibition, the Pageant of the Jubilee, and the foundation of the Imperial Institute proved the prosperity of the English Church, his lordship proceeded

to describe "*the catholicity of the English Church, with all the responsibilities which it involves—the world-wide opportunities—and the unique destiny which, in God's providence, seems to be reserved for the Anglican community in shaping the future of Christendom.* Believe me, dear friends, it will soon be all left to us. We are going to 'shape' everything and everybody. *The feebler Churches in Syria, in America, in Egypt, are looking to us for instruction and help.* Very shortly, too, the Czar will come to Canterbury and humbly beg our Archbishop to appoint a committee to revise the ritual and constitutions of his Church; and the Pope will write to Lambeth, beseeching that English missionaries may be sent to convert him, with an assurance that the next time the

Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar wishes to hold a confirmation in Rome, St. Peter's will be placed entirely at his disposal.

"And why are we Catholic? In what lies the Catholicity of the English Church? *Every continent, almost every sea and island, swarms with English and American tourists!* Now it is a remarkable fact that, in travelling about, one meets very few inhabitants of the city of Rome, while it is difficult to find the place where one does not meet Englishmen; therefore the English Church is Catholic and the Roman Church is not, for Catholic means universal, and inhabitants of the city of Rome are not found in all parts of the universe, whereas Englishmen are.

"*The Catholicity has been restored*

to the English Church in a surprising way. Catholic indeed she was potentially before in her doctrine and polity; but now she is Catholic in fact, owing, in a great measure, to the untiring efforts of Messrs. Cook & Son.

"And now, I wish to call your attention to one other proof of the Catholicity of the English Church, which is the enormous number of converts which it makes, wherever it goes. You are, of course, aware that the Church of Rome rarely makes a proselyte; that in England scarcely a member of our Church has ever seceded to Rome, within living memory.

"Just contrast this with our own Church! Wherever an English Church is built in a continental city, where'er an Anglican chapel is raised among

the mountain heights of Switzerland or beside the blue waters of the Mediterranean, whenever the salon of an hotel is reserved on a Sunday afternoon for an English service, the natives, be they French, or Swiss, or German, or Italian, crowd in for instruction and eagerly seek admission into the Fold of the Church of England.

"Let the vision *of a glorious future be to every devout Anglican Churchman to-day an inspiration, as a similar vision was to every devout Israelite of old! What then shall be our attitude towards this great work which lies before us? How shall we consecrate ourselves for the task? . . . . We shall draw closer our intercourse with the enfeebled Churches in the East, not too carefully scanning their faults,*

whether in doctrine or in practice. (By the way, how flattered they will feel when they read the reports of my sermon.) After all, what does it matter what their doctrines are? One doctrine is as good as another—possibly even better! Why should we dispute about such non-essentials?

"There is, however, one doctrine which we can under no circumstances tolerate. This is the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. Nothing will induce us to extend our *spirit of concession*, our *ἐπιείκεια*, to it."

"*Just seventy years ago, a famous French writer, in his treatise on 'The Pope,'* poured *much scorn . . . upon the English Church. . . . Two main charges which the author brings against her are her sterility and her*

isolation. Her sterility? I am not careful to answer this. The history of the past fifty years shall answer it. The evidence of eyes and ears shall answer it. But this I may say, without hesitation, that never in the history of our Church has there been a period of such fecundity, since the outburst of religious life in the eighteenth century under the influence of Wesley and Whitfield—an outburst which was followed by consequences that it would be beyond my present purpose to enumerate. What the consequences of the present outburst of religious life may be, Heaven only knows.

"*Twenty years have elapsed since the Churgress met together in this building to inaugurate its session with a solemn service. It was the year of*

the Lambeth Conference. That Conference *was the first visible presentation of the Catholicity of the English Church.* Never, during the eighteen Christian centuries, was the Church of England visibly Catholic before!

"*Next year, if it please God, will witness another Lambeth Conference. The number of the Anglican Episcopate, from which its members are drawn, is fast mounting up to* 200, a number which dwarfs into insignificance the 1187 Bishops of the Roman obedience. By the way, we probably have 200 Bishops, for I forgot to count the Order of Corporate Reunion Bishops, whom we may call our Bishops 'in partibus infidorum.'

"One word in conclusion. How sad it is to think that there exists a people, calling themselves Christians

—a body whose number almost equals that of all the other Christians throughout the world—who do not believe that our Bishops are Bishops at all!

"But what of that? It matters not. For as *the Roman Church has taken a step which, unless it be revoked, will render union under her banner an impossibility,* and since *whatever visions of union on these terms may have been entertained by any Anglican in the past, have been dissipated by this one act*—the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility—it follows that if we get all that we hope for, if *God sets up His standard in this English Church,* which *seems to be marked out by His hand as a rallying point of the nations—the most hopeful centre for the unity of Christendom, if*

such unity has any place in His counsels, if all the dissenters, all the one hundred and eighty Protestant sects in England and Wales, all the Protestant sects in other parts of the world, and all the Oriental Churches should join the Church of England, and if we should be able to keep them there —an important proviso by the way— we should then about equal in number the believers in Papal Infallibility. In short, so far as numerical strength is concerned, we should have arrived where Rome is now.

"When we have done all this, if we succeed in keeping our somewhat promiscuous flock together in a compact body,—our Moravians, our Mormons, our Greek Christians, our Swedenborgians, our Plymouth Brethren, our Lutherans, our Copts,

our Unitarians, and our Six Principal Baptists,—if, I say, we are able to ensure complete unity of doctrine among all these, (and ourselves,) then, I think you will agree with me, our prospects of coping with the Church of Rome, on at least equal terms, will be as brilliant as those of our rival.

"*Thus* (supposing that we get the best of the conflict) *will the catholicity of our Church be at length realised—a true inspiration to ourselves and an untold blessing to mankind.* '*All ye inhabitants of the world, and ye dwellers on the earth, see ye, when He lifteth up an ensign on the mountains.*'"

CHAPTER II.

THE business of the Churgress began on the second day in the Drill-hall. After prayers had been read by the Hon-secretary, the President (the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's) delivered his inaugural address as follows :—

"*Twenty years have passed since in this town of Bampton* the Churgress *held its former meeting . . . I shall probably best employ my time this morning if I ask you to consider with me what these twenty years have done for us, and what lessons they have left behind them. It is, after all, a very*

short period in the history of our Church, but it has not been uneventful.

"One of the leading features of our Church history, during the last twenty years, has been the large number of ritualist prosecutions. The Mackonochie, Purchas, Tooth, and Bell Cox cases are fresh in the memory of all of us. On these cases has been expended a sum of money, which is a sufficient testimony to the liberality, charity, zeal, and brotherly love that exist at present in the Church of England.

"Within the last twenty years we have seen the passing of the great Public Worship Act, a wise measure, which the famous statesman, to whom it owed its origin, intended as an antidote to what he concisely termed 'mass in masquerade.'

"Within the last twenty years, again, our Holy Mother, the Church of England, has borne two children; the first, the Theistic Church of Mr. Voysey, the second the Reformed Episcopal Church, with a real Bishop at its head. The last-named Church has the inestimable privilege of Apostolical succession—at least it has if we have got it. Call them the offspring or branches of the Church of England as you will, the fact remains that there they are.

"During the last twenty years, some of our clergy, feeling doubtful as to the validity of their orders, formed a society which they called the Order of Corporate Reunion. Selecting three of their number, they sent them to receive Episcopal consecration (on board ship, I believe, in

order to escape the sin of schism—although for this I will not vouch—) from a Bishop of some foreign Church. These holy men, when they returned to our country, conditionally ordained such of the English clergy as felt doubts about their orders.

"Since we met here, twenty years ago, we have seen several of our clergy preaching in Nonconformist, as well as Presbyterian pulpits.

"*I turn now to another undertaking, begun, continued, and ended within these twenty years*—the erection of that noble building, the Oratory at Brompton, to which members of the Church of England betake themselves in crowds, at the hours of high mass and vespers on Sundays, as well as at those of Benediction on week-days.

"Another feature of the last twenty

years has been the establishment of that enormous institution, the Salvation Army. Though not a child of the Church, it cannot be said to be a matter of indifference to it. The progress and development of this gigantic organization has been among the most extraordinary examples of religious life during the present century.

"The long roll of seceders from the Church of England to the Church of Rome in the course of the last twenty years—a roll containing many illustrious names—is another thing to which I would call your serious attention. Nothing could furnish better evidence of the life, prosperity and fecundity of our Church, than a comparison of the list of perverts from Anglicanism to Romanism, with

that of converts from Romanism to Anglicanism.

"Since we met here twenty years ago, an Act of Parliament has been passed, enabling clergymen to relinquish their profession, and become laymen. This Act has been the means of affording great relief to many of our clergy who felt their duties irksome, and to others who have lost faith in the doctrines of the Church of England.

"One of the greatest events in connection with the Anglican Church, within the last two decades of the century, has been the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. Nor have hints been wanting that Disestablishment in England also will follow. This seems a fitting moment to remind you of the proceedings during the last twenty years of the

powerful Liberation Society, of which many high-church clergymen have become members. The refusal of the Welsh to pay tithes is another sign of the times, which was quite unexpected when we had the pleasure of meeting here last.

"*Remarkable has been the result* of another important event which has occurred since our last meeting here. I allude to the passing of the Burials Act. *What gloomy anticipations were rife among us as to the disorders and scandals which would be witnessed in our churchyards if this measure should ever pass. And what has been the result? The Act has been, to a large extent, a dead letter, even in the Principality to which it owes its origin. Our churchyards are as peaceful and orderly as they were twenty years ago. Here*

and there, at very rare intervals, a burial service other than that of the Church of England may take place; but the Act in the main has made very little difference, after all the alarm and foreboding which it excited before it passed into law.

"Of this we ought to feel particularly proud, affording, as it does, fair grounds for boasting; for the fact is that the Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, instead of eagerly seeking the honour of burying their dead in our graveyards, have shown an unaccountable apathy in the matter. Nay more; they have seemed greatly to prefer burying in their own cemeteries, and in the few cases in which they have availed themselves of the privileges of the Act, they have generally either happened

to own vaults in our churchyards, or desired to lay their dead beside the bodies of some very close relations. Their indifference to the advantages of interment in ground consecrated by our Bishops is one of those enigmas which the human mind finds it difficult to unravel.

"*I turn now to another undertaking, begun, continued, and ended within these twenty years—the revision of our English version of the Holy Scriptures . . . It is a remarkable fact that among all the divisions of Christendom the Bible—and the Bible alone—remains as the universal heritage. I know of no existing Christian community which has abandoned one single portion of the canonical Scriptures.* Yet it is an equally remarkable fact that certain perverse people, (the members of the Roman

and Eastern Churches,) that is to say considerably more than two-thirds of those calling themselves Christians throughout the whole world, think that one existing Christian community, commonly known as the Church of England as by law Established, does not possess the whole Bible, but only a portion of the Bible, and even that in a somewhat garbled form. This is another of those mysteries which it is beyond the mind of man to fathom!

"*It is impossible to look around, either at the state of our country or the foreign lands, without being drawn to consideration of another great question which presses itself upon us—I mean the great question of Christian Reunion. . . . Our greatest hope lies in the power of spiritual attraction. . . . Even now that power is making itself felt in the gather-*

ing in one by one of many from the ranks of Nonconformity, weary of political discourses and of the strife of tongues.

"*There is, indeed, one body of Nonconformists with whom reunion may seem far more hopeless, although it is not less earnestly desired—those who owe their allegiance to the Bishop of Rome.* Fortunately it is but a small sect of dissenters, in short barely half of those professing the name of Christian on this terrestrial globe. *A supreme and infallible Pope is a barrier which seems to shut out all hope* of our ever extending to Rome the right hand of fellowship."

"'Nobody axed you, sir,' she said. 'Sir,' she said. 'Nobody axed you, sir,' she said," a boy was heard singing in the street, as the Bishop paused for breath.

"*The claims of Rome are destructive of Catholicity. If Rome would have listened to the words of her own St. Bernard, written to one of her Popes seven centuries ago, how different might have been the whole condition of Christendom at the present time. 'Remember,' he says, in writing to Pope Eugenius, 'remember, before all things, that the Holy Roman Church, over which God has set thee, is the mother of churches, not their mistress; and that thou art not the ruler of Bishops, but one of them.'*

"The Saint then goes on to advise the Pope to be 'the bridesman of the spouse, the ruler of the clergy, the pastor of the peoples,' and so on. Now this Pope Eugenius had formerly been one of St. Bernard's own monks, and the drift of his epistle is to warn

him not to be made proud by his exaltation to the Papal Chair, but to govern as a father rather than as a tyrant, and to remember, in ruling or correcting Bishops, that even he himself is a Bishop.

"I will now read some more from the same epistle—'Who art thou? The High Priest, the Supreme Bishop. Thou art the Prince of Bishops, thou art the Heir of the Apostles. Thou art Abel in primacy, Noah in government, Abraham in the patriarchal rank, in order Melchisedech, in dignity Aaron, in authority Moses, Samuel in the judicial office, Peter in power, Christ in unction. Thou art he to whom the keys of heaven are given, to whom the sheep are entrusted.'

"As I said before, *if Rome would have listened to these words of her*

own St. Bernard, written to one of her own Popes seven centuries ago, we should have heard nothing of extravagant modern Papal pretensions.

"The passage goes on—'There are indeed other doorkeepers of heaven; but thou art the more glorious in proportion as thou hast also, in a different fashion, inherited before others these names. The former have the flocks assigned to them; but to thee all are entrusted, one flock for the one.'

"Of course, St. Bernard cannot have intended to include the flocks of the diocese of Lichfield or the archdiocese of Canterbury; but this only in passing.

"And then he says—'Nor merely for the sheep, but for all the shepherds, thou art the one shepherd,

Whence do I prove this, thou askest? From the word of the Lord. For to whom—I say not among the Bishops, but among the Apostles—has the whole flock been committed in a manner so absolute and undistinguishing?

"'If thou lovest me, Peter, feed my sheep! What sheep? The inhabitants of this or that city or country, those of a particular country? My sheep, He saith. Who does not see that He designates not some, but all? Nothing is excepted where nothing is distinguished.'

"Obviously, this must be taken figuratively.

"'The power of others,' continues the Saint, 'is limited by definite bounds; thine extends even over those who have received authority

over others. Canst thou not, when a just reason occurs, shut up heaven against a Bishop, depose him from his episcopal office, and deliver him over to Satan? Thus thy privilege is immutable, as well in the keys committed to thee as in the sheep committed to thy care?'

"Now just contrast this with the absurd pretensions of modern Ultramontane eulogists of the Papacy.

"Before dismissing St. Bernard and his valuable denunciation of Papal claims, I will make one more quotation from his writings, a quotation, I may observe, which directly proves that the Saint did not believe in the infallibility of the Pope. Now carefully mark the following words—'It is right that all dangers and scandals that arise in the kingdom of

God, especially such as concern the Faith, should be reported to your Apostleship; for I think it proper that the wounds inflicted on faith should be healed WHERE FAITH CANNOT FAIL. For this is the PREROGATIVE OF THAT SEE.'

"How clear it is that, if St. Bernard had lived in these days, he would have been an excellent Anglican!"

Here the right rev. speaker blew his nose.

CHAPTER III.

REFRESHED by the process, his Lordship began again as follows:—"*A supreme and infallible Pope is a barrier which seems to shut out all hope.* As that great theologian, the Bishop of Northumberland, admirably put it in his beautiful sermon yesterday, '*The doctrine of Papal infallibility will appear to English Churchmen a denial of history and a stultification of reason.*'

"What is the doctrine of papal infallibility? That doctrine teaches that under certain rare and clearly marked conditions, in the performance of a definite action, one distinct per-

son (who is fallible and liable to error under all other conditions and when performing any other actions) is protected from error by the Divine 'assistentia.' Surely there is not an individual in this vast assemblage who would deny that such a doctrine is *a stultification of reason.* (Hear, hear.)

"How much more would it be *a stultification of reason* to lay down the doctrine that under very undefined conditions, in the performance of very various actions, several persons in no way exclusively distinguished from others, were not only protected from error by the Divine 'assistentia,' but, over and above this protection, received a special impulse of the Holy Ghost to write the Word of God Himself!

"I cannot impress too strongly upon you the great truth that *stultification of reason* is the main thing that we have to fight against. As the Bishop of Northumberland told us yesterday, mere non-essentials such as doctrines should not be too carefully scanned. For this reason, in order to be able to attack, with free hands, *those who owe their allegiance to the Bishop of Rome*, it is necessary that we should make up our minds to give up the doctrine of the Inspiration of Scripture.

"*It is said that after the Vatican Council, a great ecclesiastic of the Roman Communion exclaimed, 'Thank God, we have done with history!'* Yet so inconsistent is Rome in all her dealings, that in the very face of the fact that this great ecclesiastic had been said

to have said that he thanked his God he had done with history, the Pope shamelessly threw open the historical treasures of the Vatican library, and not only encouraged the study of history in every possible way, but actually appointed some of the ablest men he could find to write histories from the most valuable collections of historical manuscripts in the world, thus flatly contradicting by his deeds the usual interpretation put by Protestants upon the words which a Bishop of his own Communion is said to have said! Could inconsistency—even Romish inconsistency—have gone further!

"*It may seem that I am forgetting the difficulties which still disturb and divide us* in the Church of England. *It is well to consider what these diffi-*

culties really are. They belong almost entirely to one or other of two classes. They are questions of ritual and questions of discipline. The former derive all their importance, not from their mere outward manifestations, but from the significance which is ascribed to them, (*i.e.* the doctrines,) *involving considerations of a highly metaphysical character as to the method of the divine operation in one of the great sacraments of the Church. On such a matter men may well differ in speculative opinion without any real divergence of faith.*

"For instance, some of our clergy believe in transubstantiation, some only in consubstantiation, and others in neither. These, my friends, are non-essentials, and, as our Transatlantic brethren would say, 'don't signify!' A Plymouth Brother, a

member of the Greek Church, a Methodist, a Roman Catholic, or even one of our favourite Copts, would probably tell you that such questions were part of the A.B.C. of a religion; but I say No. I tell you that they are *considerations of a highly metaphysical character*, and that *every attempt to define these mysteries too rigidly must tend to narrow the limits of Christian faith.* It is instructive to observe the result of defining the eucharistic *mysteries too rigidly* and thus narrowing *the limits of Christian faith.* In the case of the Roman Church, as you are aware, it is so reduced in numbers as to be scarcely wotrh taking into an account when making census of the religions of the world.

"*Forty years ago the contention was as sharp about the other great sacra-*

ment. The last mutterings of that storm have long since died away. And this gives us reason to hope that a few years hence people will care as little about the doctrine of the Real Presence as they do at present about that of Baptismal Regeneration.

"Away with metaphysics! Let us content ourselves with reflecting that *the power of revival and restoration in the Catholic Church is a witness of her unquenchable fire. In no branch of the Church has that power been more convincingly manifested than in our own, and never more than at the present day.*"

[I cannot close my report of this most interesting inaugural address, without making a quotation from the report of a charge delivered to his

clergy a few days later by another Anglican bishop—the Bishop of Liverpool—so exactly does it bear out the observations of his Right Rev. Brother. The Church of England "*was a Church without order and discipline. It was in a state of lawlessness, anarchy, chaos, and confusion, and unless some remedy was applied, must make shipwreck. . . . The evils of the position were simply incalculable. Party strife increased in every diocese. Diocesan institutions were starved and neglected. One man would not support them because he thought them too high, and another because he thought them too low. The advocates of disestablishment rejoiced to see them playing their game so well, and biting and devouring one another. The gulf between clergyman and clergy-*

man became wider and wider every year, and ministers of the same Church kept aloof and separated from one another, as if they did not belong to the same communion."]

The Archbishop of Mercia, who was warmly received, after assuring the Churgress of the inconvenience he had been put to in attending it, expressed his approval of the address of the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's. He said—"*We thank him for that most powerful and most touching address—one of the most powerful and penetrating addresses it has ever been my lot to listen to; and we thank him, above all, for the immense number of points which have gone home to our hearts and our souls.*

"*What are we doing here? I always*

think that one of the most striking and touching things in Church history, one of the most remarkable prophecies which has yet to be fulfilled, are those last words of Cranmer, almost his last words, when, after having set forth his own view of all that he had been led to through so many years of deepest study, thinking and teaching, he lifted up his arm and said, 'I appeal to the next General Council.'"

Old Mr. Bull, who has a habit of talking aloud, was here heard to mutter, "What can the man be driving at?"

The Archbishop continued—"*Every Congress of this kind . . . is in its way leading to a Truth-Seeking General Council.* Now *The Church Tiles* tells us that the decrees of a Council are invalid unless they are

unanimous, and that those of the Vatican Council were invalid for that very reason. A General Council, again, must include representatives of the whole of what we consider Christendom. When, therefore, Archbishop Cranmer's prophecy, *one of the most remarkable prophecies*, is fulfilled, we shall have our own High Church and Low Church and Broad Church, the Ranters, the Quakers, the Greek Church, the Irvingites, the Believers in the Divine Visitation of Joanna Southcote of Exeter, and a small body of nonconformists called Roman Catholics, without a single dissentient voice, decreeing that Archbishop Cranmer's *view* on all matters connected with Faith and Morals was Infallible.

(Great applause.)

"I think you will all agree with me that when this prophecy has been fulfilled, it will be universally admitted that Archbishop Cranmer was indeed a very remarkable prophet!"

The Archbishop then reminded his hearers of the vast crowd which had watched the procession of the Mayor and Corporation, the Archbishop, Bishops and Clergy, and the members of the Congress, as it proceeded from the Town Hall to the Cathedral on the previous day.

"Do not imagine," said he, "that that gaping crowd would have turned out with equal readiness to see the Mayor leading a procession of mere laymen. A mob will not throng the thoroughfares to gaze at any novelty. English people never care to see a pageant of any sort. A regiment of

soldiers, a circus, a menagerie, a carriage containing Royalty scarcely attracts a passing glance as it passes through the streets. But when *We* went through the streets, yesterday, the people—the People with a big P—turned out in force, in order to feast their eyes upon that beautiful spectacle—I may say the most beautiful on this side of the grave—a Procession of Parsons!

"There is, however, a dark side to every picture, and in this case, although there was nothing whatever wrong with the Procession of Parsons, there was something wrong with the People; namely that *there must have been thousands of them who were not with us.*

His Grace then uttered these very remarkable words—"*There must be,*

somewhere or other, if God has made the world at all, some great power lying, as electricity lay until a few years ago, ready to be developed, lying round about these churches and these clergy, which shall bind in one those masses!"

(Hear, hear, hear!)

"Oh, if we could but get a little of the electricity which is lying round about these churches (let us say such churches as St. Alban's, Holborn), and about these clergy (shall we say Mr. Bell Cox, or Mr. Stewart Headlam?)—if, I say, we could get a little of this ecclesiastical and clerical electricity into the masses, those masses would be bound in one in such a manner, that Pandemonium itself would be put to the blush by them."

(Cheers.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE working-men's meetings, to one of which allusion is made elsewhere, deserve a chapter to themselves. We will take them collectively. According to some authorities they were a great success, and according to others a great failure. This much at any rate is certain, that they were densely packed.

To appoint enough speakers to occupy the entire time allotted to the meeting, as was done on the first occasion, was obviously the best method of inviting free discussion,

and giving everybody an opportunity of saying his word.

When Canon Pole addressed Lord Trafalgar, the President of the meeting, as "Horace Trafalgar, working-man, gaffer and boss of this meeting," the real working-men among the audience, (who were completely taken in by this clever device,) observed to one another that, on the same principle, the House of Lords might be called a working-man's club.

On the night when the subject given out was "Hindrances to Religion in Common Life," the speakers, with consummate tact, addressed the meeting on religion without hindrances.

The Bishop of St. Cuthbert's expatiated upon his own affection, as well as on that which he was sure

everybody in the hall felt, *for the dear old Church of England* ("the toast of the evening," as one of the audience was heard to observe). At last, wonderful to relate, one speaker directly alluded to the subject set for discussion—the "Hindrances to Religion in Common Life." He said he knew one hindrance!

("Hear, hear. We are coming to the pint.")

When he mentioned his hindrance —one we need not enter into here— it was voted a remarkably fine specimen of the hobby-horse.

Then a genuine working-man got up and addressed the meeting. It was a beautiful thing to observe this working-man gradually throwing off his disguise and developing into a

full-blown temperance missionary. *He naturally enlarged upon the evils of intemperance.* The audience was intensely delighted at having been so pleasantly beguiled into hearing a temperance lecture.

Presently a real and undoubted working-man spoke, and he gave a genuine ring to his remarks by admitting that he had been put on to make them by his vicar.

A scripture-reader claimed, with some justice, to be a working-man and *evidently held a brief for the Free and Open Church Society.*

A Lay-preacher preached a lay-sermon!

A real and unprimed working-man —or at any rate a very clever imitation of one—who spoke soon after-

wards, seemed to please the audience. *As he spoke, the vast concourse of working-men literally rocked to and fro with applause and laughter at his racy bits. His chief points were that the hindrances were not always in the working man; sometimes they were in the clergy, who had too many forms and ceremonies. Here there were rounds upon rounds of applause, until at last the whole room broke into a confused "hurrah." There is no doubt about the intense Protestantism of the Bampton working man. . . . "Parsons," said the speaker, "ought to give ye a straightforward answer to a question, and not tell ye to write to the Bishop."*

And then another unmistakable working-man got up. He looked like an artisan of tolerable standing.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you invite us to come here and talk about 'church-going hindrances,' 'hindrances to religion,' and things of that sort. You want to see us filling the backseats of your churches, and perhaps you will say the front seats too. Well, so be it! What you want are 'overflowing congregations,' and 'to get at the poor.' Yes. We know all about it!

"Now you won't get at us, working men, unless you have something to offer us. You'll say you have—eternal life. That's all very well. There are plenty more as will do that. There are also advertisements which offer cure-all physics that will put us right in this world, whatever may be the matter with us. But words like those, alone, are not good enough for us.

Any fool can come to us with a bottle of coloured water and tell us that it will cure our aches and pains, or promise us that if we will go to his meeting-house we shall be safe for heaven.

"If it is worth bothering one's head about one's soul at all, one would like to know what one is doing. You talk about 'Our dear old Church of England.' What is the Church of England? If I want to save my soul by the Church of England, I go and ask the parson in the church close by, perhaps, and he says 'simply believe.' Then I get work in the next parish and I go to Church on Sunday. The parson there gets up in the pulpit, and he says we ought to be Catholics and go to 'celebrations' and confession. At another place I go to, the clergyman

tells me that if I keep the commandments I needn't trouble about externals and ceremonies, that as to that parson with his 'simply believe,' he is a narrow-minded Evangelical, and that a man is as likely to be damned for intolerance as for anything else.

"All these parsons, you see, tell me something different, and yet I am to love the 'dear old Church of England,' and get to heaven by her alone, when I'm blessed if I know which is the way to get to heaven by her.

"You see I might get over the boundary of a parish without knowing it, and die before I changed my views, and then, I suppose, I should go to hell. If I died in Great Puddleton, 'trusting in my works,' I should be damned; if I died in Little Puddleton,

a narrow-minded Evangelical, I should be damned; if I died in Upper Puddleton 'unabsolved,' I should be damned.

"I know, well enough, that you'd tell me that these things are 'non-essentials.' If so, what the dickens is an essential? Excuse my plain language, gentlemen! It seems to me that making one in an 'overflowing congregation' and putting money into the plate at a collection are the only essentials.

"As I said before, if I felt sure I had a soul, and thought it worth taking up a religion, on the off-chance of it being the right one, I'd like to be sure what I had got hold of, which is just what one can't be with you parsons.

"I was once fettling the kitchen-

range at St. Tabitha's Clergy house, in London. The curate was talking to me, and I asked him about something I had read in a book, and then I says to him, 'Do you say the Hail Mary, Father?' He thought I was a ritualist, and he says 'Oh yes.' Then I said 'and does Father Mackenzie—he was the rector—say the Hail Mary too?' 'Well, yes,' he said, 'he does. At least, he says the first part of it.' 'What is that?' said I. 'Oh,' said he, 'he says all of it except the Ora pro nobis, which is something you need not trouble your head about.' But I knew all about it from a book that had been given to me by a fellow-workman who tried to make a Papist of me. 'You say the Hail Mary, Ora pro nobis and all, and Mr. Mackenzie says the Hail Mary

without the Ora pro nobis,' says I. 'That's about it,' says he. 'The Ora pro nobis is a non-essential, I suppose,' says I. 'You're a wicked fellow,' says he, but only in joke, for he is as good-natured a man as ever lived.

"Now I am no Papist, nor any other 'ist,' but if I were one of you gentlemen, and believed in religion at all, I should go in for a religion as plain to be understood as the Roman Catholic religion. What I mean to say is this, that if a man is a Roman Catholic, he knows what he is driving at. If he lived in Great Puddleton or in Little Puddleton, or in Upper Puddleton, he would be taught the same doctrine; and if he should be dying in America or at the Cape of Good Hope, the first priest he sent for would tell him to try to save his

soul in the same way that the Pope of Rome would tell him to save it. If he were a strong Unionist, the most violent Nationalist priest in Ireland would hear his confession and give him absolution, just the same as the most Tory priest in London would confess and absolve the most hot-headed Irish M.P.

"I am a long way from being a Romanist, but this I will say for the Roman Catholic priests. They don't go to their people telling 'em to love 'Our dear old Church of Rome,' or try to coax 'em into church to make 'overflowing congregations,' by talking about 'the beauty of religion,' in your style. What they do is this. 'Look here,' says they, 'If you don't go to mass nor go to your duties, you know well enough you'll

lose your souls. If you like to do that, of course you can; it's your concern, not ours,' says they. 'Only don't forget we've warned you. If you are damned now, it will be your own fault and your own choosing!'

"Somehow their priests get their working-men to go to church. It may be they go to mass at five o'clock in the morning, but the priests don't mind that. True enough many of their people give up their religion altogether and cut the whole thing, and when they've done this, a precious bad lot they are too! They have taken their choice, as the priests would say. But even of these, a lot send for the priest when they are dying. When they do, it is always the same story. The priests all set about it the same way. I've

seen 'em at it many a time. The poor beggars themselves know well enough what *they*'ve got to do too. That is plain straightforward sort of work, that a poor working-man can understand.

"Do you know, gentlemen, I sometimes think you Church of England clergymen are almost too kind and gentle to people of the working class. 'Are the children going regularly to school?' you say, when you call at a cottage. 'If you will come to the rectory, there is a flannel petticoat for you.'

"Last week, I was in a neighbour's house, when the priest called. The master was out. 'Is there to be any coal given us at Christmas?' says the missus. 'No,' says the priest. 'The parson is giving all his

people here three cwt.' says she. 'Is he?' says he. 'Then all I can say is, if you want to sell your soul, take it to the parson, for he can afford to give you a better price for it than I can; and what's more, I wouldn't buy it of you, if I could.' Yet somehow or other that woman didn't go to the parson.

"I'll tell you what I once saw with my own eyes. I was sitting with four Irishman one night, in the house of one of them. We were drinking and smoking, but all quite sober. Presently, one of 'em says, 'What a nice way Father Percy would be in, if he could see us. We all promised him we'd go to confession to-night.' He'd scarcely spoken, when the door opened and in walked the priest. He says nothing, but he

just goes up to the table and sweeps all the mugs off it on to the floor with his arm. One of the men, a great strong, hot-tempered fellow, jumps up, and squares his fists in the priest's eyes. 'Now this is more than I can stand,' says he. 'A deal more,' says the priest, who ups with his fist and knocks the man down, flat on his back among the pots and the beer. And he wasn't a rough Irish priest either, but what you would call a refined English gentleman of good family. Well, those four men all went to confession that night.

"Whether your people would come to church more, if you knocked 'em down, I can't say; nor can I tell you why it is that the Salvation Army, the Roman Catholics, and the Methodists 'get at' the working-man better

than you do. Maybe the reason is that the best you seem to offer them is that when they die, if they have done what you've told them, they shall go where gentlemen go, and they may not be very certain that that would turn out the best of bargains. Good evening, gentlemen."

CHAPTER V.

In the discussion on "The Church and History," the first speech was made by the Rev. H. Cocksy Cocksure. It is my pleasure as well as my privilege to admit that this promising student of ecclesiastical history is so deeply read in my books, especially my *Venerable Bede, Expurgated, Expounded, and Exposed,* as to have assumed my own style of writing. I will ask any unprejudiced person, acquainted with that great work, whether the following extract from a report of Mr. Cocksy Cocksure's

paper might not be mistaken for my own *ipsissima verba?*

"*The puzzled Protestant yields a reluctant assent to the bold assertion of the Papist, and feels a furtive shame at the parentage of the National Church. The opponent bigots are agreed in attaching a polemical importance to the origin of the Church of England, with the inevitable result that the truth of history is obscured.*"

Is not this like Me?

"*The cynical dishonesty of one fanaticism imposes on the silly terror of the other. Regarding both with equal contempt, the sober member of the Church of England may find in the study of the conversion of his ancestors material for honest pride and sober reflection.*"

Verily the master has here to yield the palm to his pupil!

And who converted the ancestors of the sober member of the Church of England? Mr. Cocksy Cocksure tells us.

"*The history of the conversion,*" he said, "*begins with St. Augustine and ends with St. Wilfrid. Both were ardent advocates of the Papal power. The first was the chosen missioner of the greatest of the Pontiffs.*"

Here is *material for honest pride and sober reflection!* After this let the Papist make no more bold assertions, or indulge in cynical dishonesty. If he has a grain of sense left in him, he will admit that neither are any longer necessary.

It is evident that Mr. Cocksure has come to the conclusion that it will not do to trace the pedigree of the Church of England, as by law established, to

the Early British Bishops. He is also convinced that St. Augustine won't serve as the first progenitor of the same church. He proceeds therefore to find another.

But, you will say, he has already admitted that St. Augustine began the conversion of the English and that St. Wilfrid ended it.

So he has; but he says that although these two saints converted the English, they did not evangelise them, and it seems that the spiritual great-grandpapa is not the man who converts, but the man who evangelises.

Now who does the reader think evangelised England? Well, after vacillating for years between the Early British Bishops and St. Augustine, we now learn that it was neither the one nor the other, but that we owe

our Established Church of England to "Ould Oireland."

"*It is, then, evident,*" says Mr. Cocksy Cocksure, "*that the 'evangelisation of England' was, in the main, the work of Irish missionaries.*"

Of course it must have been so, when one comes to think about it, and every *sober member of the Church of England* ought to feel grateful to Mr. Cockson for pointing it out; but why did we never think of it before?

"*In St. Aidan Iona gave to England the highest product of Irish monasticism.* The central tribes of England owed not only their evangelisation, but also their conversion *exclusively to Irish effort. I find also that Irish Christianity lent moral support to and, to some extent, shared in the labour of the East Anglian*

and West Saxon conversions; while the last great missionary effort was undertaken by a disciple of the Irish Church of Northumbria. It is then evident that the evangelisation of England was, in the main, the work of Irish missionaries. . . . The Irish missionaries were conspicuously free from all the faults to which the English Roman Catholic missionaries were so grievously addicted. As everybody knows, the Irish are not and never were Roman Catholics.

"*The Irish missionaries were not wont to hang about Courts. The Irish missionaries were independent of politics.* [And still are and always will be, Mr. Cocksy Cocksure!] *The Irish had no lack of men. . . . Ireland gave inexhaustible supplies of workers. The Roman missionaries were before all things*

ecclesiastics; the Irish were before all things saints. . . . The Roman mission produced no saints, the Irish saints were many. That is why the evangelisation of England belongs chiefly to the Irish."

[I once wrote a book called *How to make a Saint.* Mr. Cocksy Cocksure's paper shows us *How to Unmake Saints*—the saints produced by the Romish Mission.]

In these degenerate times, when brutal, base, and bloody Saxons are not invariably as appreciative as they might be, Irish Nationalists would do well to come to Anglican Churgresses if they want compliments.

Three clergymen spoke on the subject of the relation of the English Church with Rome in the Middle Ages. A few extracts will show how

completely the No-Popery cry has died out in England.

"*The Papal power—was simply destructive. . . . Englishmen never wished to hear of it again. Romanism still seems something foreign and exotic on English soil, and is alien from the aims and from the modes of thought of the average Englishman. . . . The obstructiveness of the Papacy. . . . A sickening accumulation of Papal ambition and covetousness. . . . The usurped and paralysing power of the Pope. . . . To be rid of the Pope.*" . . .

It was appropriate and consistent that the next subject treated should be that of "Preaching Orders." Several speakers advocated the establishment of something analogous to "*the various orders of preaching friars.*" There

were "*indications that some form of monastic life would be welcome in the Church of England.*" "*In any scheme for their* (the preaching order's) *revival, the obedience to vows and vigorous discipline would be assumed as essential.*" Some one proposed that "*county magnates*" "*might become 'advocates' of a recognized religious order, with authority to preach on the invitation of the clergy and with the sanction of the Bishop.*" (It was suggested that this would be a clever way of inducing them to come to church.)

One clergyman recommended that the Anglican Church should copy the Roman Catholic Church,—foreign and exotic as it undoubtedly was, —by training up boys for the priesthood.

Mr. Black urged that what was wanting in the Church of England was more Catholicism and less Individualism.

Mr. White thought that what was wanted was more Individualism and less Catholicism.

In the evening there was a meeting for working men. The Bishop of Cumberland *took the chair, and in a vigorous speech, in compliance with a request that had been sent to him, denounced betting and bad language. . . . Betting was a bad, a damnable practice.* Bad language also was damnable. As to gambling, he would be diddled if he would not give the blanked stakes to the somethinged horse or the somethinged boat that came in last. As he had already said, *betting was a damnable practice;* a man who

indulged in *it was a* d——d *fool, and if he did not take care would ultimately become a* d——d *knave. Incidentally he remarked "we do not want men who are always talking goody-goody and putting themselves forward as being in some state of salvation in which their brethren are not."*

(A voice—"For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.")

"Like St. Paul, our Brother of Cumberland tries to make himself "all things to all men," whispered the Bishop of Whitechapel to me.

We must now notice the proceedings of the Wednesday. At the morning meeting Archdeacon Jawkins and the Rev. Prebendary Dumpling advocated "Elasticity of Worship." The Earl of Clerestory "*was not an ardent admirer of elasticity of worship,*" unless

the elasticity were in the direction most in accordance with his own views. He was very fond of Antiphons. How much better it was to stick to what we found in the *Book of Common Prayer*, than to use all sorts of unauthorized devotions. This was the reason of his advocating the use of Antiphons.

His lordship pointed out that it was better to stretch the Church of Rome than the Church of England. Roman Catholic hymns had proved very pliant in the hands of Anglican clergymen, and lent themselves admirably to the services of the Church of England. *Hymns Ancient and Modern* contained a great number of them, and they "*had imparted warmth and zeal to our services.*" . . . "*Some lines appeared lately in a Church newspaper which*

tersely set forth much valuable truth. They began—

> '*How soothing it is to be singing*
> Hymns altered enough to conceal
> *The things that on sacred subjects*
> The originals sought to reveal.'"

(*Laughter.*)

The Rev. J. E. T. Whackum "*advised that clergymen should obey the expressed wish of their bishops. . . . The clergy differed widely in their opinions, some being Sacerdotalists, others Evangelicals, and others, again, Latitudinarians.* This reminded us all of the beautiful words of the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's inaugural address—'It is with striking fitness that our Epistle for this week speaks to us of the One Body and the One Spirit.'"

We now come to one of the most

important of all the meetings of the Churgress, namely that at which the discussion on the subject of "Socialism and Christianity" took place.

It had been decided by the wise people who arranged the proceedings, that Mr. Rampion, the famous Socialist, should be invited to speak. This was considered a very diplomatic stroke!

"You see," said the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's to me, in private conclave, "Rampion is a thorough gentleman, in spite of his unfortunate views, and he will certainly not say anything that might give pain to any of the clergy present. So, if we can only persuade him to come, we shall have the matter in our own hands, as he will be practically tongue-tied, and we shall be able to quote his speech

to Socialists afterwards. We will give the Bishop of Kerry, who is to read the first paper on the subject, a hint to say soothing things about Christians having been the first Socialists and so on, with a view to putting Rampion into a good humour. We will be very civil to him, and if he does not fall into our little trap, all I can say is that I shall be very much astonished."

The Bishop of Kerry's admirable paper was so well reported in the newspapers that it would be useless to give it again here. In many respects it was the best that was read at any of the meetings of the Churgress. We may, however, observe that when he argued that "*Every Christian is a bit of a Socialist, and every Socialist is a bit of a Christian,*" a person in the

body of the hall was heard to say "All Liars are men, therefore, all men are Liars." (Cries of "Turn him out.")

When the gentleman who was reading the Bishop's paper in his absence, came to the part which stated that one of the principal objections to Socialism was that it encouraged dulness,—"*Give humanity any death but dying of dulness; the slow holocaust of humdrum, the stertorous martyrdom of stupidity*,"—my next neighbour on the platform whispered to me—"Those who prefer other deaths would do well to keep clear of Churgresses."

CHAPTER VI.

THERE was tremendous excitement when the great Mr. Rampion got upon his legs. People did their best to suppress it; but there was a great deal of smiling, frowning, nudging and mouth-opening. The Bishop of St. Cuthbert's, who presided, looked bland and patronising, as much as to say "All the world will now see how large-minded we are! Speak away, my little man."

Mr. Rampion began by congratulating the Churgress on having invited his counsel, and he promised to tell them something about Socialism,

which was true, and of which they were ignorant. He knew all about Socialism, and he hoped no time would be *wasted by confronting him with the utterances of those* who pretended to know all about it but did not. Nobody knew much about it, except himself.

There were many forms of Socialism, just as there were many forms of religion; but the only true Socialism was his Socialism, and let those who propounded any other kind of Socialism be Anathema! He meant to have his own sort of Socialism *officially accepted by the Socialist organizations,* and he was not concerned to defend any other description of Socialism. Men of science sometimes said that there was no fool so great as a scientific fool;

religious men had been known to say that there was no fool so foolish as a pious fool, and he maintained that the biggest of all fools were Socialistic fools. Indeed he was not at all sure that he was not the only Socialist that was not a fool, and true Socialism, perfect equality, and complete freedom of thought, meant entire submission to the private opinions of Mr. H. H. Rampion.

"The *vice, drunkenness, laziness, selfishness and cruelty with their consequences,*" which at present made mankind so miserable, were owing to the existence of the Individual. Do away with the Individual, and there would be no one to be vicious or drunken. This was a great truth! Without doubt, few, if any of those present, believed that circumstances

affected the character of a man; but he had come that day to announce to them the hitherto undiscovered fact that we were all to some extent creatures of circumstances.

There was another truth that would probably be new to all of them, and it was that the propertied individual had all sorts of good things, which the non-propertied individual had not.

He had a still more astounding secret to reveal, which was "*the self-regarding instinct in man which prompts these propertied individuals to deny the propertyless classes* access to their wealth."

("Really I don't see anything so dreadful about the man," whispered the Bishop of Whitechapel to me.)

England, continued the speaker, had committed the gross and unparalleled enormity of wasting some of its money. In England, you may find, what you never find in other countries, starving men, women, and children. In England, again, there are workers out of employment. England, to her shame be it spoken, allows people, as much as possible, to manage their own affairs, nor does she interfere between master and man in the matter of wages. There ought to be a department of the Home Office, which should arrange the exact wages of every *employé* in the country, from the costermonger's boy to the Duke's private secretary.

England was a Bible-printing country. The printing of Bibles was highly objectionable, because it gave

employment to the unemployed, who ought never to do anything but parade the streets singing "We want no work to do."

("I think he is beginning to wander from his subject a little," said the Bishop of Whitechapel to me. "Do you think he would stand having his coat-tails pulled?"

"Oh, certainly! Pull them without hesitation."

"I think you had better pull them!"

"It seems to me that it would come better from you.")

In the meantime, the speaker was warming to his work. "*England,*" said he, "*spends £17,000 in upholstering Westminster Abbey in order to thank God who lives in temples not made with hands,*—by the way, the making of temples with hands is a bad

thing, because it employs the unemployed—I say *to thank the God who lives in temples not made with hands, that one woman has not died.*"

(*Interruption, hooting, and cries of "Withdraw," "shame," "rot."*)

The Bishop of St. Cuthbert's, who was in the chair, *hoped there would not be a repetition of such remarks of disapprobation.*

Mr. Rampion continued—

"*However we may disagree on other matters, every one here will, I think, agree that it would be a pity, after you have asked me to address you, well knowing the opinions I hold and which I have never attempted to conceal, that it should go out to the large number of workmen interested in this discussion that you refused to let me say the thing I would.*"

("Verily, the Devil has got us in his clutches," groaned the Bishop of Cumberland.)

"*Therefore, if you will allow me to finish my sentence. If the country can spend £17,000 (Interruption). Very well then. Considering that England is so rich, we wonder that she yet grudges the dole of a free meal to helpless starvelings in our Board Schools.* Several hundred children have dinners given them daily at the schools of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul at Westminster. As this is exactly what I want done in all poor schools, I should like to place all the poor schools in England under Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

"*There is among the poor a strong belief in the simple doctrine of the gospels,*

but a great disbelief in the sincerity of a Church, that many of them rightly or wrongly think has turned that doctrine into 'a Christless creed that spits on Christ.'

"You see now what I think of you and your Church, my good hosts of the Churgress! 'There is plenty more where this comes from,' and *if any of you care to hear practical suggestions about your duty, I should be glad to speak with you to-night or to-morrow.*

"I propose to *stand between the opposing hosts of Capital and Labour and tell the truth fearlessly to each.* You see the great want of the moment is an Individual, with plenty of Individualism. I am that Individual, and my Individualism is the only true Socialism.

"By the way, is your Archbishop here?"

(A Voice) "No."

"I wish he were. That is all. *Put yourselves for a moment in the place of a man in search of work with the cries of his starving child in his ears, when he reads, 'Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest,' and who hears that the Primate of the English Church with his £15,000 a year and two palaces, when considering the lot of some wretchedly paid toilers in East London, said that it might be 'alleviated by spiritual consolation.'*"

("How lucky it is that the Archbishop has gone back to London!" muttered the Bishop of Cumberland.)

"There are *bishops who have taken hundreds of thousands of pounds as*

their 'viaticum cœli.' What a pity it seems that all that money should have been taken up to heaven, where it is not wanted, instead of being left down here for the good of trade!"

The Bishop of St. Cuthbert's then got up and said—"*We are anxious to know whether you think we have done right in setting this subject down for discussion, and in asking Mr. Rampion to read this paper.*"

A mighty "Yes," followed by rounds of applause, was the response.

The Bishop pronounced the blessing, and the most successful, and one of the most useful, meetings yet held at the Bampton Churgress *came to a close.*

When we met afterwards in the committee-room—"This has been a

terrible blunder," said the Bishop of Whitechapel.

"The Churgress thought not," said the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's.

"The Churgress is a fool," replied the Bishop of Whitechapel. "When this appears in the newspapers, we shall be a laughing-stock to the whole world. Think what the Roman Catholics will say of us; and, worse still, the Dissenters will chuckle at our expense. It makes me quite sick to think of it."

"We all thought it would be a great success," said my Lord of St. Cuthbert's.

"And it has turned out a most lamentable failure," said my Lord of Whitechapel.

"It is sad to reflect," said the Bishop of Northumberland, "that in

this great year of Jubilee—a year, which you may remember I described in my sermon on Monday as one which would be '*memorable in the annals of England*,' for the '*golden wedding of Sovereign and people*'—anything at all discourteous should have been said about Her Majesty, and at a Churgress, of all places in the world."

"Well, it is my opinion that we are in a nice mess," said the Bishop of Whitechapel.

"I should call it a *damnable* mess," said the Bishop of Cumberland.

"What can we do?" said the Bishop of Whitechapel.

"Permit me to advise you, my Lords," said I. "Try an antidote!"

At the sound of my voice, every episcopal ear was pricked.

"What antidote?" said one and all.

"Get a Papist! As things stand at present, the world might have some reason for saying that you offer the right-hand of fellowship to Socialists. This alone would be an awkward charge to answer; but if you invite a Papist to come to speak also, you will be able to point to him as a proof that you wished to hear all sides."

"But we should be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire," said the Bishop of Northumberland.

"It would not do at all," said the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's. "You see in all our papers and speeches about the Socialists we have spoken very kindly and tenderly of them; but we have said some rather severe things about Rome. In fact, I think that

if, after all I said on Tuesday, a Romanist were to get on our platform and begin to speak, I should feel rather uncomfortable."

"And so should I, after what I said on Monday," said the Bishop of Northumberland.

"But we must think of what is most for the honour of the Churgress," said the Bishop of Cumberland. "I am all for having the Papist."

"I doubt if one would come," observed the of Bishop St. Cuthbert's.

"Will you allow me to endeavour to persuade one to do so?" said I.

"Let us form a committee and put it to the vote," replied the Bishop of Cumberland.

"The Committee of the Churgress then met, and it was decided that a

Papist should be invited to attend the Churgress on the following day, and read a paper on "The Established Church of England from a Romanist's point of view." I was requested to find the Papist.

I began by telegraphing to Cardinal Nanning. His engagements prevented him from coming. I then telegraphed to Cardinal Mewman. He also refused. I next tried one or two other Roman Catholic priests, whose names I happened to know, with a similar result. The hours passed rapidly; and the telegraph offices were closed before I had succeeded in securing my Papist. After a night of restless anxiety, I rose early and asked the way to the nearest Roman Catholic Church. Mass was going on. As soon as it was over, I went boldly to

the Sacristy and asked the celebrant whether he or one of his fellow-priests would come to the Churgress that evening and read a paper on "The Established Church of England from a Romanist's point of view." He replied that it would be impossible.

As I returned through the church, a quiet-looking man was standing reading some notices which were posted at the door-way. In despair, I asked him if he were a Roman Catholic. He answered in the affirmative. I then, as a last resource, told him of my want, and asked him if he would be prepared to read a paper, upon the proposed subject at the Churgress that evening.

At first he smiled incredulously; then he refused outright; but presently he said—"Well, I have nothing

else to do to-day. I shall have to remain here till evening, and if you really mean it and wish it, I *will* read a paper on the subject you name before the Churgress this evening. Only make it clearly understood by your committee that I only speak as a layman and a private individual, and that the Catholic Church will not be responsible for any blunders that I may make."

In order to be assured that he was not being hoaxed, he insisted upon being introduced to the committee that very morning. This was done, and, refusing a seat on the platform for the morning and afternoon meetings, he disappeared.

"Do you intend to have his paper reported in the newspapers?" asked the Bishop of Northumberland.

"I don't think it will be at all necessary," replied the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's.

"I shall have to be at the Working Men's meeting to-night," said the former.

"So shall I," said the latter.

CHAPTER VII.

In my anxiety for the performance of my Papist, I found the long morning debate on emigration and colonization somewhat tedious. There were, however, some points of interest in the afternoon papers on the relation of the Church of England to Eastern Churches.

The Rev. Dr. E. L. Cult dealt generally with the relation of the Church of England to foreign Churches. In ancient times the centre of gravity of Christendom moved from Constantinople to Rome; it seems destined from simi-

lar causes to shift again from Rome to Canterbury.

("Gracious Powers," muttered old Mr. Bull, "does he think that those Jesuits at Canterbury are preparing Hales Place for the Pope and all the Cardinals? Really somebody ought to ask a question about this in the House of Commons.")

"*Let us,*" continued the Dr.—"*let us lay our plans and pursue them steadily from generation to generation, from age to age, with the same far-sightedness and the same persistency with which the See of Rome has pursued its plans for the subjugation of the Church to its obedience.* . . . . We have already imitated Rome in many things, such as vestments, confession, office books, hymns, candlesticks, crucifixes, and even rosaries;

let as now imitate her by subjugating the Church to our obedience.

"Let us, I say again, pursue our plans with the same persistency as Rome, for that which is arrogance, ambition, and seduction in her, would be all very proper in us.

"*The progress of events is continually proving that the Church of England has characteristics which make it the centre round which divided Christendom may rally.* And what are these characteristics? The chief one is that the Church of England is not particular about doctrine, whereas the Church of Rome is. Let us take the cases of the Church of Alexandria, the Church of Antioch, the Church of Armenia, the Church of Abyssinia. What are our relations with them? *There is no formal communion between*

us and them. Our duty to ourselves and to them is to assert our status as a Catholic Church, and to raise the question why there is this absence of communion.

"For we should not let the doctrines of these Churches be any obstacle in the way of intercommunion. It is true that they all teach what used to be termed the Monophysite heresy, and that this doctrine was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, a Council admitted by our Church to have been Ecumenical; but, after all, I think that in this nineteenth century we may regard it simply as a 'view,' and one of those mere non-essentials upon which we rather prefer that members of the Church of England and its hangers-on should disagree, than that they should agree."

Mr. Athelstan Really advocated the claims of the Church of Assyria. The doctrine of that Church was the exact opposite of that of the Churches of Antioch, Alexandria, Armenia, and Abyssinia. It formerly went by the name of the Nestorian heresy, and it could trace an unbroken pedigree of 1400 years. He need scarcely tell them that it did not matter how heretical a doctrine might be, provided it were old enough. This little heresy had also been condemned by a Council acknowledged as General by the Anglican Church; but it was, like the other, a "mere view" and a non-essential.

The Assyrian Church was already on friendly terms with the Church of England, and the other Churches were on a fair way towards it; and if

intercommunion could be established between the Church of England and all of them, they would really agree without the inconvenience of changing their diametrically opposite doctrines; for "Things equal to the same are equal to one another." It seemed to the speaker that it was on this great principle that the Anglican Church was to become the centre of Unity!

Great was the excitement when, at the evening meeting, my Papist appeared upon the platform. He began by telling his audience that, unlike Mr. Rampion, he was unable to congratulate the Churgress on having invited his counsel. He came, he said, with no authority from anyone, and he should only speak at their invitation that evening on

Anglicanism from a Catholic point of view, just as he should if interrogated on the subject at any other evening party.

He then proceeded to say—"I admit, my Lords and gentlemen, that it is not without some misgiving that I stand up here to-night to speak before so formidable a body as yourselves. Among you are men whose reputation as scholars is world-wide. Many of you have spent the greater part of your lives in the study of religious questions. I see the grey heads of men who have endeavoured to consecrate their lives to the service of their God and their country.

"Do you suppose, my Lords and gentlemen, that I, a member of a Church other than your own, a Church which teaches that beyond its pale

there is no salvation, regard you as so many lost souls? God forbid!

"On what ground then can I reconcile my adherence to such a Church with my hope for the salvation of the venerable Anglican Bishops, famous scholars, doctors of divinity, and worthy schoolmasters, before whom I stand? I hope for your salvation, my lords and gentlemen, on the ground of your INVINCIBLE IGNORANCE!

"It would be an insult to so learned a body as yourselves to pretend for a moment that you could mistake my meaning. Well-read men, such as you are, know far better than I, the distinction between ignorance and nescience, and it would be waste of time to point out to you the differences between vincible and invincible

ignorance, or to define crass ignorance, affected ignorance, antecedent ignorance, consequent ignorance, and concomitant ignorance.

"You will not be surprised at my alluding to the existence of these various forms of ignorance, after my assuring you that the only hope I have of your salvation, in your present condition, depends upon the nature of your ignorance.

"I have read the reports of your sermons, speeches and papers in the daily journals, during the last few days, and I can assure you that the evidence they contain of invincible ignorance has been to me a matter of no little consolation. And if the leaders of your Church are able to make so brilliant a display of an Ignorance, which one would hope to

be Invincible, what may we not infer as to the Invincibility of the Ignorance of the average member? Not that I would have any of you ignorant; but if you must needs be ignorant, I should like to hope that your ignorance was of a safe kind.

"It is, of course, possible that in so large an assemblage as this, there may be a person, who does not fully understand the meaning of the term Invincible Ignorance, and in order to explain it for the benefit of that possible person, I will, for the sake of argument, assume the Anglican religion to be the only true one, and ask him to imagine a man of my own religion, who has been brought up entirely among Catholic surroundings, let us say in the City of Rome. We will suppose him to be a man of

considerable or even great intellect. He might know many Anglican clergymen; possibly he might have read some of the cleverest books written against Catholicism by Protestants. Yet, it would scarcely be a matter for surprise, if that man remained a Catholic. You would perhaps acknowledge him to be a learned man, a man of science, or a philosopher; but you would consider him ignorant of what you would term the truths of Prot—, well Anglicanism; and I think you would allow that his ignorance was possibly invincible, its invincibility being the result of circumstances, education, and habit.

"Reverse the positions just described, and you have the Catholic's view of honest Anglicans, and I venture to hope that you will now

fully understand that in charging you with Invincible Ignorance, I make no aspersions, either on the natural capabilities of your intellects, or on the profundity of your studies; while, in a spiritual sense, I am paying you the greatest compliment in my power.

"Although it would be unfair to load my paper with quotations, I will not apologise for introducing one from the writings of Cardinal Newman. After treating of Invincible Ignorance at some length, he says—

" 'As to the prospect of those countless multitudes of a country like this, who apparently have no supernatural vision of the next world at all, and die without fear, because they die without thought, with these, alas, I am not concerned.'

"Then, after referring to some

previous remarks about Invincible Ignorance, he goes on to say that they 'suggest much comfort, when we look out into what is called the religious world in all its varieties, whether it be the High Church section or the Evangelical, whether it be in the Establishment, or in Methodism, or in Dissent, so far as there seems to be real earnestness and invincible prejudice. One cannot but hope that that written Word of God, for which they desire to be jealous, though exhibited to them in a mutilated form and in a translation unsanctioned by Holy Church, is of incalculable blessing to their souls, and may be, through God's grace, the divine instrument of bringing many to contrition and to a happy death who have received no sacra-

ment since they were baptized in their infancy. One cannot hope but that the Anglican Prayer Book, with its Psalter and Catholic prayers, even though these, in the translation, have passed through heretical intellects, may retain so much of its old virtue as to co-operate with divine grace in the instruction and salvation of a large remnant. In these and many other ways, even in England, and much more in Greece, the difficulty is softened which is presented to the imagination by the view of such large populations, who, though called Christian, are not Catholic or orthodox in creed.'

"As to myself, I can only say that for many whom I believe to be in good faith, although Anglicans, I have a profound respect. Nor am I

alone in this opinion. For instance, I can answer for it that the writer of certain squibs against Anglicanism, said to be actuated by a very bitter spirit, entertains the most friendly as well as the most reverential feelings towards many members of the Church of England. He has assured me that he has no wish to give offence to any one, and least of all to give scandal; but he thinks that when a thing cannot be distinctly seen in one light, it possibly may be in another. For yourselves, with some few exceptions, he has sentiments of esteem and even affection. Indeed he is fond of describing you as 'the right men in the wrong place.'

"You may possibly expect that in a paper on Anglicanism from a Catholic standpoint, I should enter at

some length into the questions of the truth of Anglican doctrine, the validity of Anglican orders, and the claims of the Anglican establishment to be a part of the Church of Christ; but even if the time allotted to me did not forbid it, to approach such matters might expose me to the danger of saying things which might be unbecoming in a guest.

"I trust, however, to your forbearance when I ask you to admit with me that Truth cannot be Falsehood, that Unity cannot be Disunion, that Fact cannot be Fiction. If one religion is the true one, a religion which differs from it must of necessity be false; if Christ said that His disciples should be One, it follows that they must be One and undivided; if it be a fact that the bread and wine in

the sacrament either do, or do not, become the Body and Blood of Christ, no excuse about its being 'a highly metaphysical question' can by any conceivable possibility make the opposite of that fact other than a fiction.

"You did not invite me here to-night to ask you to relinquish your own Church and to join mine, nor am I going to do so; but I take upon myself to recommend you seriously to study the question 'Which is the True Church?' There can be but One, whether it be the Anglican, the Mormon, the Greek, the Roman, the Methodist, or that of the Protestants-adhering-to-Articles-one-to-eighteen-but-rejecting-Ritual. If God has condescended to give to man a revelation, a point on which you and I are happily agreed, and if He has

appointed a Church with a body of ministers to explain it, it is impossible that He should have given revelations exactly contradicting one another, or appointed ministers to explain them in directly opposite senses.

"Believe me that it is in no unkindly spirit that I ask you not to deceive yourselves with the false impression that any body of Christians, at all worthy of the name, even in the most liberal sense of the word, thinks any the better of you, imagines you to be one whit more 'Catholic,' or esteems you a shade more orthodox, for hob-nobbing and talking about intercommunion with this or that sect or schism other than your own, either in the East or the West, in the North or the South.

"Be not angry with me, if I venture, again, to point out to you, that some of the so-called 'Churches,' both on the Continent and in the East, which are at present somewhat inclined to court your favour, are very short of funds, while you are exceedingly wealthy.

"In the early part of my paper, I alluded to Invincible Ignorance, and, for the sake of argument, I assumed that your Church was the only true one. Allow me now to speak of Vincible Ignorance, and to assume for the sake of argument that some Church other than your own—I do not say mine—is the one true Church.

"Such a thought would appear to make it worth your while to consider whether you are or are not, on the most important of all questions,

in Ignorance; and what, supposing the very possibility of your being in such a condition, would be the description of that Ignorance, since so much would depend upon the question.

"Let us imagine the case of a man entering the ministry of the wrong Church in good faith. It would become his profession; his income might depend upon it. The duties of this profession might lead him to read books written by ministers of the right Church, his object in reading them being to confute them. A flash of light might fall upon him, and he might see that his own religion was false and that he ought to give it up and profess the other. Now could you not fancy that such a man, especially if he had a wife and large family depending upon the income

which he received as minister of the wrong church, might deceive himself and say, 'I must put away this temptation! Other men far wiser and cleverer than myself, men who have studied the question deeply, are content to stay where they are; so why should not I? Let me remain where God has placed me.' I most freely admit that it would seem very hard to ask that man to give up all and follow Christ; but could it be said that his ignorance was invincible?

"Some of you may say to yourselves, 'Well, even if I were in the wrong church, that could not be my case, as I have no wife or children. I have an ample private income, of which I spend a considerable portion on Church purposes, while I give

away the whole of the small income that I receive as a clergyman.' Very possibly! But would it be nothing to you, a highly respected minister of your Church, perhaps a shining light in it, to acknowledge that all these years you had been teaching error; to become from a teacher a catechumen; to be regarded as a renegade, or even an apostate, by all your old friends, and as the newest (possibly the rawest) convert by your new acquaintances; to acknowledge yourself a 'mere layman,' and even to cast off your clerical broadcloth and appear before the world in a suit of tweeds? I ask you whether it is inconceivable that a man in such a position as yours, but in the wrong Church—let us say the Methodist Church—might not, under imagin-

able circumstances, be guilty of 'affected' ignorance? Is it impossible, again, that there may be danger of vincible ignorance in laymen? Is it unlikely that sons and husbands might put from them gleams of knowledge which might bring upon them domestic sorrow or pecuniary loss? And is it not probable that many wives, mothers, and daughters might act in a similar manner?

"I now come—rather late in the day you will say—to the main point of my paper, namely, the appearance of Anglicanism from a Catholic standpoint. Well, a few words will suffice. We regard the Anglican Church as a Gigantic Compromise, and I may add that all you have said at this Churgress about intercourse with this Church and that Church, these Non-

conformists and those Nonconformists, only confirms us more than ever in this opinion. It is needless that I should tell you that we Catholics are by no means alone in looking upon your Church in this light. If compromise between truth and error were the chief mark of the Church of Christ, we should not have to go beyond the Church of England to find it. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that while you 'draw closer and closer' to religious bodies, holding doctrines as various as the colours of a kaleidoscope and heresies as opposite as the Poles, you accuse us of stultifying our reasons, because we believe that God will not allow the head of our Church to lead us into error on matters of faith and morals.

"You talk much of Utramontanism,

Vaticanism, and Romish assertion; you have spoken of us as the one body of Nonconformists with whom reunion seems impossible. My good friends, we are not deceived! I do not for a moment question your earnestness in abusing us so roundly; but, on the other hand, I have not the shadow of a doubt that if the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church were to show an inclination to fraternise with Anglicanism, you would only too readily snap at his overtures, notwithstanding Vaticanism, Ultramontanism, Roman Pretensions, and Papal Infallibility! The Bishop of Northumberland would soon be saying, '*We shall draw closer our intercourse with the enfeebled* Church of Rome, *not too carefully scanning* its *faults, whether in doctrine or practice.*'

"It only remains for me to congratulate you on your many good works among the poor, (may God reward you for them in the way He may see best,) to thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my remarks, and to express a hope that your present ignorance may be exchanged for a full, active, and fruitful knowledge of the Truths of Christianity."

After bowing to the audience and to the occupants of the platform, the quiet-looking Papist then left the hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

On Friday morning, Dr. Spokes, in a most interesting paper, said, "*Monophysitism is found even still dominant in that feeling which has resulted in the Mariolatry of much of Western Christendom, because men do not recognise and feel that Christ in the perfection of His human nature now stands for us at the right hand of the Almighty.*"

He then showed that the Roman Catholic Church had ever been an uncompromising enemy to Monophysitism; whereas the Church of England, in its large-heartedness and its Catho-

licity, was now extending a welcoming hand to several of the Monophysite Churches, Churches with which, as the Bishop of Northumberland had told them on Monday, "*our relations are becoming more intimate every day.*" He also showed that, from a Protestant point of view, Mariolatry was more pronounced in the Greek Church than in the Roman Church, and reminded his hearers that on the previous day, Dr. Cult had assured them that "*There have been a number of individual acts of friendly intercourse between members of the English Church and members of the Orthodox Greek Communion.*" Hence it followed that the Anglican Church was the chief patron of Monophysitism and Mariolatry.

The next paper, perhaps the most

important of the whole Churgress, and one which led to pages of correspondence in the newspapers, was read by the Rev. Jacob Tinker.

He began by saying that the key-note of the papers read at that most eventful Churgress had been the Catholicity of the English Church. This Catholicity had been understood in its best sense, namely Universality. The tendency of the Church, at the present day, was to receive all other religious bodies into its embrace. They had heard glowing accounts of the prospects of intercommunion with Nonconformists, who did not believe in baptismal regeneration, apostolical succession, or the Real Presence, with the Orthodox Greek Church, which was not only remarkable for its Mariolatry, but taught the

doctrines of transubstantiation and auricular confession, and with Eastern Churches, contaminated with various heresies.

It was now his pleasing duty to recommend intercommunion with a religious body, which he thought possessed many advantages over any that had been hitherto presented to their notice. It was a religion which extended "*from Morocco to Java, from Zanzibar to China, and was spreading across Africa with giant strides.*" He meant the religion of Islam.

"*There is nothing in it,*" *said the Canon,* "*antagonistic to Christianity. Indeed, we ought to begin by recognising the fact that Islam is not an anti-Christian faith, but a half-Christian faith—an imperfect Christianity.* It

had already been hinted, by a previous speaker at the Churgress, that the Christianity of one or two of the Eastern Churches, which had been accepted as candidates for probable intercommunion, was very imperfect, and if we were to have intercommunion with one form of imperfect Christianity, why not with another?

"Besides, in many respects, Islamism was more perfect than Christianity itself——

"*Over a large portion of the world Islamism as a missionary religion is more successful than Christianity. . . . Christianity in some regions is actually receding before Islam. . . . Christianity,* again, *is less tenacious in its grasp. . . . Christianity is too spiritual, too lofty . . . . to be a civilising and elevating religion for barbarous tribes. . . . Islam*

has done for civilisation more than Christianity."

("Rampion himself was not so bad as this," whispered the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's to me.)

"Look at your African and Syrian Churches, with whom you are so ready to fraternise. They have *substituted abstruse metaphysical dogmas for the religion of Christ.* Not that we ourselves are guiltless of metaphysics, as the Right Rev. President told us on Tuesday. Your Eastern friends, again, have *tried to combat licentiousness by celibacy and virginity. Seclusion from the world was the road to holiness, and dirt was the characteristic of monkish sanctity. The people were practically polytheists, worshipping a crowd of martyrs, saints, and angels.*"

("Then I shan't subscribe to any of those Eastern Churches to which the Bishop of Northumberland says we are drawing closer every day," growled Mr. Bull.)

"*Islam swept away this mass of corruption and superstition.*"

("Just go and hold Dr. Cult's coat-tails," said the Bishop of St. Cuthbert's to me. "I can see he is getting very restless, and, if we don't take care, he will be on his legs in a minute.")

"*Islam was a revolt against empty theological polemics; it was a masculine protest against the exaltation of celibacy as the crown of piety. . . . It replaced monkliness by manliness. It gave hope to the slave, brotherhood to mankind, and recognition to the fundamental facts of human nature.*"

("How many more of his twenty

minutes are yet remaining?" whispered the Bishop of Cumberland to me, nervously.)

"*A Christian convert is not regarded as a social equal, but the Moslem brotherhood is a reality. We have over much 'Dearly beloved brethren' in the reading desk, but over little in daily life.*"

(Laughter.)

"I now come to the question of Polygamy. *Moses did not prohibit it. It was practised by David,* and it is not strictly *forbidden in the New Testament . . . . The Bishop of Lahore, among others, has made a courageous protest for the admission of polygamist converts to baptism. . . . Polygamy, with all its evils, has its counterbalancing advantages.*"

(A learned judge, who happened to

be attending the Churgress, now suggested that all decent women should be recommended to leave the cour—, he meant the hall.)

"*It has abolished female infanticide, and gives every woman a legal protector. Owing to Polygamy, Mohammedan countries are free from professional outcasts, a greater reproach to Christendom than Polygamy is to Islam. The strictly regulated Polygamy of Moslem lands, is infinitely less degrading to women and less injurious to men than the promiscuous Polyandry which is the curse of Christian cities and which is absolutely unknown in Islam.*"

("If he is not quick," said my next neighbour to me, "there will be no time to spare for me to read my paper on 'The veniality of ordinary murder in comparison with patricide.'")

"*The Polyandrous English are not entitled to cast stones at Polygamous Moslems.* It is high time that we manfully faced the fact that the aspect of the religious world is, at the present moment, Polyhedrous, and, for my part, I prefer the Polygamous Moslems to the Polytheistic Copts or the Polyandrous English with their Polyglot Bibles in their pockets.

"*Islam is . . . superior to the grovelling superstition of the Coptic and Abyssinian Churches. In short, Islam is a replica of the faith of Abraham and Moses, with Christian elements.*

"I am deeply conscious of the privilege which has fallen to my lot of pointing out to you at the eleventh hour of this great Churgress, the advantages of Islamism over Christianity. As the President advised us in his

inaugural address, there ought not to be any *watering down of creeds.* On the contrary, we should encourage the Moslem in the spread of a religion so much better suited than ours to the countries into which he sends his missionaries. As the same wise Bishop said, again, '*Perhaps we must look to affiliation rather than to comprehension,*' and if we can but affiliate the followers of Islam to the Church of England, we shall add something over 200,000,000 to our numbers."

Lord Loosefish thanked Canon Tinker for his most valuable address. He thoroughly agreed with every word of it.

Mr. Blacksheep had been so impressed by what he had heard, that he announced his intention of leaving St. John's Wood and settling some-

where between Morocco and Java. He would be glad to offer lay help to the Bishop of any one of the intervening dioceses.

The Bishop of the Polycotyledonous Islands wished to ask Canon Tinker the following question—"If ten curates with one wife each have, altogether, one hundred children, how many children would one curate have with fifty wives?"

The Rev. Arnold East advocated the claims of Buddhism. It was a very much better religion than Mohammedanism; it had far more in common with Christianity, and it numbered more adherents than any other religion in the world. If the Church of England must be affiliated to some other religion, it had better choose the Buddhist than the Moslem. Our

clergy ought to preach the Bo Tree! There was a strong feeling in favour of our Aryan forefathers in London, at the present moment. He suggested that the *Society for promoting Christian Knowledge* should publish cheap editions of *Dvayatânupassanâ Sutta*, and the *Dhammakakkappavattana Sutta.*

The Rev. Smith Williams desired to see intercommunion between the Church of England and the Head-Hunters of Borneo. The religion of the latter had been grossly misrepresented. They had the great virtue of being the soberest people in the world, when they could get no fermented liquors.

It now fell to my lot to read the concluding paper. I said—

"It has been a pleasure of the

highest order to me to sit upon this platform, during the past week, among so many of my kith and kin. To observe the rapid development of the spirit which I have ever striven to inculcate has been an additional gratification. I know not whither elsewhere I should turn to find so many of my disciples, as I see at this moment sitting round me. It cannot be other than a source of intense satisfaction to the founder of a school of thought to perceive that his very style and phraseology have been adopted by his followers, and this has been my experience during the last five days. If I myself had undertaken the task of preparing the sermons and writing the papers on the different subjects which have come before us, I could not possibly have made them more

—(my voice was here drowned by the deafening applause).

"I congratulate the Churgress on its fidelity to my own views and tone of thought. Throughout the week I have never failed to observe in the speeches a desire to extend a broad toleration to all churches, sects, and creeds, save one—the Roman Catholic Church. To that Church no quarter has been shown, and against it many a hard blow has been aimed. I may add that there is hardly a heresy, ancient or modern, of which some gentle words have not been said, or towards which some charitable inclinations have not been hinted, directly or indirectly, except one—the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

"And why is it that this has been, of all the Churgresses that have ever

been held, the most No-Popery Churgress? Why is it that Romanism, Ultramontanism, Vaticanism, Infallibility, and Mariolatry have been introduced both in season and out of season in the course of the interesting sermons, addresses and papers, which it has been our privilege to enjoy during these never-to-be-forgotten days? It has been to show that at this happy period, we have no longer any reason for being afraid of Rome and Romanism; that Popery has become effete, and that there is no further danger of any member of the Church of England seceding from the Church of his baptism and joining the Church of Rome.

"There were days in which a disease known as 'hankering-after-Rome' showed itself here and there

in remote corners of the Church of England. I am happy to be able to stand here to-day and say that that disease has been stamped out.

We no longer hanker—at any rate after Rome. On the contrary, most Romanists are hankering after Anglicanism, and the back seats in our churches are constantly filled with them. This has been the cause of the many allusions to the Romish religion, which have been made at this Churgress.

"I cannot sit down without congratulating you on having, as far as possible, avoided many topics, on which there is considerable divergence of opinion among us, such as auricular confession, the invocation of saints and angels, eucharistic vestments, purgatory, and eternal punishment.

The discipline of the Church is another matter which has been to a great extent ignored.

"Once more let me assure you of the pride I feel in seeing so many of my relatives and disciples gathered together on one platform. Go on as you have begun, and our race and school will thrive and prosper. As to your proceedings at the Churgress which is now closing, I can only say that you have made yourselves a (here my voice was again drowned by the applause) before men and angels!"

APPENDIX.

Opinion of the Church of England Press on the late Churgress.

THE following pages consist of extracts from three clerical newspapers, but the names of the periodicals are withheld. I have allowed myself some license with regard to the names introduced by the writers. The opinions expressed are so unanimous that anyone might suppose them to be those of a single individual.

The Churgress has been to a great extent in the best sense "Evangelical."

One feature in the Churgress is what may be termed—I use the word without prejudice, and only because I know no better way to express what I mean—its ritualistic character.

The unauthorised introduction, under the disguise of hymns, of metrical litanies containing invocations of the Virgin Mary, and other imitations of the Roman breviary, has opened the eyes of many to the great danger that would result from giving the clergy unrestricted liberty to use in their public ministrations services other than those in the Prayer-Book.

The Churgress has proved a great success.

It is one of the difficulties connected with Churgresses, that views and opinions utterly unworthy of a Church

assembly may be listened to with patience, and, as the arrangements now stand, without the instant reply and the stern rebuke they deserve.

I next come to the Churgress arrangements, which strike me as particularly good this year.

About some of the speakers, eminently Mr. Scott, there was a Protestant ring in what they said, although it was all pious and good so far as it went, which greatly disappointed me.

Expectation was, of course, aroused when the Rev. E. A. Scott was announced as the appointed speaker. He . . . proceeded to sketch very beautifully the seven days' preparation, the ordination, functions, and privileges of the Levitical priesthood, and applied these spiritually to the priesthood of the laity.

It is noteworthy that the Bampton Churgress most prominently displayed the increasing strength of the High Church school. There was very little distinctive controversial matter introduced, but the general "lift up" which has been and still is going on, is beyond doubt. The Evangelicals of the bitter type were practically nowhere . . . In saying that the Evangelical leaders were nowhere, I am correct, but of the smaller fry there were not a few sailing about, and trying to stir up strife.

One "priest" stood out in solitary and grotesque absurdity for the depression of the laity and the exaltation of the priesthood. An instantaneous photograph of the champion and a verbatim report of his challenge, would make an effective tract, if satire were possible in sacred things. But

there is no room for the temptation to satire when the call is so loud to thankfulness. The priesthood of the laity, the spiritual laity, was iterated and reiterated, and by the grave speakers treated as the very faith of God.

The Rev. W. Walker . . . strongly disagreeing that the laity possessed the same priesthood as the clergy. . . . The laity were not, protested the speaker with great vehemence, called to the office of the priesthood. No, let them hear both sides of the question; it was all nonsense to talk about the priesthood of the laity and the clergy.

The Devotional Meeting. By a happy coincidence . . . there was a good Evangelical tone about the first and the last two papers read; so that the Session began and ended well.

Canon Estcourt was called upon first, and Canon Horseman and Mr. Jones were the last two readers. . . . . But this arrangement of the order was fortunate, for in at least two of the other papers there was much to deplore. There was the most illusory and sentimental mysticism put forward as a basis for sacerdotalism and for the doctrine of the real presence.

I never care very much for Dr. Estcourt's utterances, as he generally seems to me to be in a fog, and I rather doubt whether the audience, as a rule, took away very much of what they had heard . . . I read Canon Horseman's paper in type before it was delivered, and it struck me as offensively Protestant in tone, and as if it was intended to be offensive. I cannot understand an anti-

sacerdotalist being in the least able to understand the Epistle to the Hebrews, for except on the highest sacerdotal principles, the book, to my mind, is utterly unmeaning. I have noticed at previous Churgresses that Canon Horseman has a knack of stating his opinions in a disagreeable manner, but yet it may be only manner, and not with the design of being intentionally offensive. . . . I was told that Canon Bagot's address was a most able one.

Canon Bagot favoured us with the stereotyped phraseology of his school. . . . It was a grateful relief to pass to Canon Horseman's sensible, earnest, and truly devotional words.

To return to the discussion on "Elasticity of Worship." Dr. Whackum, the youthful headmaster

of Harlow school, delivered a sort of Broad Church address on the question of "Ritualism" and the recent persecutions, and argued in favour of mutual tolerance, and dwelt especially on the duty, as he called it, of the clergy obeying their Bishops. This struck me as singularly feeble. Fancy any clergyman ruining a thoroughly good work in his parish by blindly obeying what the Bishop of Bellcocks chose to lay down. It is all very well to talk about the responsibility of the Bishops, but, as a matter of fact, this is utterly false.

It was very refreshing to listen to the eminently practical speech of the Head Master of Harlow (the Rev. J. E. C. Whackum), . . . he carried the entire Churgress with him when he pleaded that in matters of ritual differences the clergy should

submit to the directions of their Diocesan.

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
—*Hymns Ancient and Modern*, *No.* 385.

THE END.

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